

JOE, THE BIGAMIST

By George Munson

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All the boys in Garrison's office wanted him to give them a chance on the stage. Rarely Garrison did try one of them, but it didn't work. As he said, plaintively: "I hire a \$25-a-week clerk because he's a clerk. If he was an actor, what would he be doing at a clerk's desk? No, sir; I've had my patience tried long enough. Clerks and actors don't mix."

The genial actor-manager had a score of offices in different cities, but, of course, New York was his headquarters. There some dozen young men arranged his numerous affairs, redrafted plays, shooed off fair applicants and, in the interim of their duties, bitten by the strange, insatiable stage lust, begged the kindly old man to try them out at the same salary to start.

Robertson had been the most persistent. Perhaps he might in time have worried "Pop" Garrison to give him a walking part; but he became ill with appendicitis and one morning his desk was empty, and only a pathetic scrawl from Mrs. Robertson indicated that he was in the hospital.

"Sure! Pay him each week till he gets well," said Garrison to the cashier. "His wife writes she'll be down each Saturday to collect. Pay her when she comes in."

Promptly at noon on Saturday a plump, fluffy-haired little blonde presented herself at the cashier's desk. She wrote her receipt in a laborious hand and took her \$25 gratefully.

"Hello! How did you get in here? We don't want any ladies in anything," sung out Pop Garrison, who happened to be passing. "Good lord! You ladies would get past an electric-charged wire fence fitted with gatling guns."

"I'm Edna Robertson," said the little woman demurely. "My husband—"

"Good lord! I beg your pardon, madam," said Garrison. "How is your husband? Doing well? I'm glad of that. Tell him his desk's waiting for him as soon as he's back again."

"Nice little woman," he commented to the cashier. "I didn't know Robertson was married, come to think of it. If I had a wife like that I'd—I'd go off my head."

Every week for a month little Mrs. Robertson duly appeared at the cashier's window promptly at 12 on Saturday, received the money and signed



Leaving the Two Men Flabbergasted

for it. And every time she announced that he husband was doing well. "He will be back soon," she said on the fourth Saturday.

On the fifth Saturday she did not appear. But in the afternoon there appeared in place of her a slim and rather tall brunette. She made her way to the cashier's window.

"I've come for my husband's money," she announced.

"Eh?" asked the cashier.

"My name is Flora Robertson, and